

Table with 2 columns: Description of advertising space and Rate. Includes categories like 'One Square, one inch, one insertion', 'Legal advertisements', etc.

Sir George Trevelyan, Prime Minister Gladstone's Secretary for Scotland, says we may read books, but we must read newspapers.

There is said to be a distressing amount of lunacy in Ireland, the number of cases per 100,000 of population having increased from 249 in 1880 to 355 in 1891.

The demand for Percheron horses for export is so great that the purity of the breed is threatened, and a stud-book has been started in France by which the pedigrees may be preserved and the race kept up to the standard.

About the last logging that will be done in Michigan, Wisconsin and other lumbering States, according to the Woodworker, will be that of reclaiming the millions of feet of snags which now lie in the streams of those States.

There are fourteen colored female teachers in the public school service of New York City. Two private kindergartens and several day and evening schools are also supported by colored women. These are all taught by colored teachers. The colored women in the public school service of Brooklyn approximate twenty. In the other cities there are very few colored women teachers.

It may be of interest to the supporters of the early closing movement to know that, according to a little pamphlet issued for the guidance of commercial travelers, 632 towns in the United Kingdom recognize the early closing movement in some form or another. There is no early closing day in Liverpool. In Manchester they close on Wednesday at two. Glasgow is marked as a town where they close daily at 8.

General William L. Cabell, of Dallas, Texas, sends to the Baltimore Sun a roster of the surviving Generals of the Confederate Army, compiled from the most reliable data to be had to October 1, 1892. The number of general officers of all grades appointed and commissioned was 498. One hundred and twenty-one rose to the rank of Major-General and twenty-one rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General. General Joseph E. Johnston, six Major-Generals, and twenty-two Brigadier-Generals are reported dead since January 1, 1891. One hundred and sixty-six Generals survive.

The Hartford (Conn.) Medical Association has adopted a resolution deprecating the so-called medical contract system. The growth of this system, notes the New York Tribune, has been great during the last few years. In Hartford alone there are twenty societies which provide their members with medical attendance for a small annual fee, ranging from fifty cents to \$3. One society got the doctors to bidding against each other, and finally secured the services of a doctor in good standing for 37 cents per capita. The physicians who go into this sort of thing claim that it is remunerative and that their connection with a society brings them outside practice.

The superstition about the number thirteen being unlucky is put to multiplied test in the new twenty-five-cent pieces, notes the New York Sun. On one side of the coin there are no less than ten repetitions of the number thirteen. There are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrow heads in one claw, thirteen leaves on the branch in the other claw, and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar." There hasn't seemed to be anything unlucky in the thirteen original States nor in the thirteen stripes on the flag, and now it remains to be seen if the man who gets his pockets full of these new quarter dollars will be unlucky.

The President has received a letter from William Hosea Ballou, of New York, urging him to ask authority of Congress for the issuance of invitations to the various marine Nations to join with the United States in appointing delegates to an international conference for the amelioration of the condition of animal in shipment and quarantine; to formulate and recommend international laws for the punishment of steamship officers for cruelty of animals at sea, and to make steamship companies liable to damage to shippers for wanton destruction of and injury to animals in transit; to recommend new quarantine regulations to replace those which at present require the cruel slaughter of cattle in quarantine before they have recuperated from long voyages and while still suffering from steatosis; and to suggest ways, means and regulations by which the lives of more than ten million dollars' worth of animals now annually destroyed at sea may be saved.

LOVE MUST BE WON.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air; Nor give away for naught to any one. It is no common right for men to share— Like all things precious it is sought and won. So if another is more loved than you Say not, "It is unjust," but say: "If she Has earned more love than I it is her due, When I deserve more it will come to me." But if your longing be for love indeed I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way; Love and be lovely, that is all you need, And what you wish for will be yours some day. —Susan Coolidge, in Household Companion.

THE WAX FLOWERS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

How beautiful, Lily! It seems as if I could almost smell the fragrance. I wish we could afford to keep them.

And little Mary Melbrook stood gleefully on tiptoe to examine the delicate little bouquet of wax lilies of the valley that lay on the table—a chubby child of seven years.

"You will be sure and take good care of Agnes while I am gone, Mary," said the thoughtful elder sister, glancing toward a worn lounge on which reposed the pale, slight form of a girl of thirteen.

Agnes Melbrook was a cripple; yet you scarcely pitied her when you looked upon the happy serenity of her sweet, pale face. He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" had given Agnes Melbrook patience to bear her affliction and Lily herself sometimes envied her young sister the untroubled peace of her daily life.

Lillian Melbrook had been left sole guardian and protector of her two sisters at the age of eighteen, and she had unhesitatingly assumed the charge. Dr. Melbrook died suddenly, and on the investigation of his affairs, they proved to be so embarrassed that Lillian found herself obliged to toil for her daily bread, and now was the time when her accomplishments proved themselves of use.

"My dear," said the head partner of the great jewelry firm of Gold & Jett, "you may bring as many of your wax flowers here as you please, and I'll sell 'em for you without a cent of commission. You needn't go to thanking me now; I should be a cold-hearted old fellow, indeed, if I weren't willing to do as much as that for Roger Melbrook's daughter."

Lily looked very pretty as she sped through the frosty October sunshine, with glowing cheeks and fresh lips slightly apart, to put her little bouquet on exhibition. She was small and plump, with peach-red cheeks, hair of the real flaxen gold and soft gray eyes, whose appealing glance spoke to you with an irresistible charm; and her simple dress of some drab worsted fabric, trimmed with bars of scarlet velvet ribbon, set off her beauty with artistic contrast.

"I ought to have five dollars for this little bouquet," thought Lily. "Let me see—two dollars for rent and a dollar for more wax, and I shall have two dollars left for Mary's cloth coat. Only two dollars—oh, if we were only rich again!"

Lily sighed involuntarily. It was very hard to live upon the slender wages of her work; and a woman fighting the battle of life alone strives at a fearful disadvantage. But she thought of Agnes, uncomplaining and serene upon her couch of suffering, and of little Mary, eager in her studies, that she may one day be able to teach, and thereby "help sister Lily," and resolved to harbor not one repining thought.

All of a sudden, as she glanced upward, a familiar face seemed to flash across her vision—a dark, bronzed face, with pleasant hazel eyes, and a puzzled, half-recognizing expression.

"Major Draper!" she murmured, looking around almost bewildered. And then, as the tall form, borne unconsciously forward by the crowd, seemed to pause and hesitate, she drew the veil over her face and darted down a side street—why, she could hardly have told herself, except that Major Draper had known them in the days of their prosperity, and Lily Melbrook—over sensitive, perhaps—shrank from meeting him again.

"I thought he had gone to Spain!" soliloquized Lily, with throbbing heart. "I am sure some one told us he was living in Madrid!"

The crimson flushed softly over Lily's cheek, as she remembered the note she had found, in Major Draper's handwriting, among her deceased father's papers—a note asking for permission to woo Lily Melbrook as his wife—and the copy of her father's reply. Dr. Melbrook had discontinued the whole thing without once submitting it to his daughter's decision. "Lily was too young—he did not wish such things put in her head. Major Draper, though unexceptionable in every respect, was too much Lily's senior—he must beg respectfully to decline the honor," etc.

"I was only sixteen then," thought Lily, "and yet Major Draper could not have been more than thirty, and he was very handsome, and winning in his manners." And Lily thought for one fleeting moment how pleasant it would have been, could she, as Angus Draper's wife, have offered a luxurious home to Agnes and little Mary.

delusive visions of what might have been.

"I don't think I'll settle on the bracelet to-day. The turquoise is so pretty that really I can't decide between that and the topaz."

Miss Fontaine sauntered gracefully toward the door, with her father and Major Draper in attendance.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Fontaine, with a grimace expressive of relief, "I begin to think you never could tear yourself away from the contemplation of these trinkets, and it grows late. What now, Helena?"

For the spoiled beauty had paused again in front of the glass show-cases.

"Oh, papa, see those lilies of the valley in wax! Aren't they exquisite, with their tiny bells and deep green leaves! They are just what I want for the drawing room etagers. How much are they?" she questioned, turning to the clerk.

"Five dollars, ma'am."

"Papa, buy them for me! And oh, papa, wouldn't a wreath of them, under glass, be lovely for a wedding present to Stephanie Wyllys? Where do you get them?"

"They are made by a young lady, an acquaintance of Mr. Gold's, ma'am," said the clerk. "Any order you may choose to leave—"

"Yes—well, tell her to make a circular garland, large enough to be an ornament to a parlor table. And I must have them by Wednesday, without fail."

"Certainly, ma'am," assented the clerk, entering the order in a portly manuscript volume.

"I'm so glad I thought of it," lisped the lady, turning to Major Draper. "I was so puzzled what to give Stephanie. Come; I really think I am through now."

And she entered Major Draper's carriage with the step of a queen, quite unconscious that the gentleman himself appeared bored and anxious, in spite of Mr. Fontaine's efforts to entertain and amuse him.

Helena Fontaine was handsome, in her haughty, Cleopatra-like way—a golden-haired girl, with a dazzling complexion of snow and carmine, almond-shaped blue eyes, and lips as velvet-fresh as on the heart of a fiery pomegranate flower. And Helena Fontaine had always had her own way through life, and now that she had settled in her royal mind that she would like Angus Draper for a husband, she no more thought it possible for her to be thwarted than she deemed it possible for the sun to rise in the west.

"I like him—oh, ever so much better than Frank Falkland or Felix Downes," thought Helena, the evening she met him at the first of a series of tableaux vivants, "and I'll have him!"

So Mr. Fontaine, having been given to understand his daughter's new freak, invited Major Draper to dinner, and drove with him in the Central Park, and surrounded him with the most delicate attentions and invisible snares of cordial hospitality.

Angus Draper's nature was too perceptive not to see through the flimsy strategies. He smiled moodily to himself.

"What matters it?" he mused. "If she likes me, I may as well marry her as any one else. I never saw but one whom I really fancied, and she—"

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The diamond drill is pointed with black diamonds. All twisted boring tools are said to be of American invention.

A cure for lumpy jaw, says Secretary Rusk, is iodide of potassium.

In a recent parade in Youngstown, Ohio, the search lights were operated by threshing engines.

An enterprising scientist has discovered that a liberal use of soap is a sure preventive of the cholera.

Steps are being taken to establish telephonic communication between Denmark and Sweden, under the sound.

It is said that a little tungsten added to pure aluminum obviates all difficulty from attacks by water, salt or otherwise.

A new signal telegraph consists of electric lights for the signals and a keyboard that works the lights according to the Morse system.

Some recent investigators claim that the sweetness and fragrance of the very best butter is due to a certain beneficial species of bacteria.

At the present day most heavy tunnel work is done by machine drills, driven by compressed air, which also serves to ventilate the works.

Aluminum sheets will make a much more durable and satisfactory roofing than sheet copper, now generally used in valuable buildings.

Electricity will be successfully applied to railroad locomotives within the coming twelve months, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding.

The electric street cars of Albany, N. Y., are provided with an automatic device that shows the name of each street just before it is reached.

Adulterated rubber is a recent discovery. A dry farina flour is mixed with milk of the rubber tree, after which it is smoked and dried by the usual process.

Chlorine gas, decomposed from sea water by means of electrical machines, is employed for disinfecting the hold, storeroom, etc., of vessels of the Italian navy.

Some of the English pumping engines perform work equaling the raising of 120,000,000 pounds one foot high by the consumption of one hundredweight of coal.

Wonderful improvements in iron and steel making are promised, which will greatly reduce the cost, and increase the use of these metals in all of the industries and arts.

Joseph B. Straus, of Cincinnati, claims to have perfected an electrical signaling device by which a fireman at a large nozzle can communicate with the man in charge of the fire engine.

THE OCEAN'S GRAVEYARD.

THE SARGASSO SEA, THE CENTER OF ATLANTIC CURRENTS. An Immense Area of Water Which is Covered With Floating Wrecks and Other Strange Objects.

FOR several years past the Hydrographic Bureau at Washington has been trying to acquire a more intimate knowledge of the movements of the waters of the ocean and a great number of bottles, containing messages and securely corked, have been dropped overboard by vessels.

Many of these have floated thousands of miles before they were picked up, and, while some were washed upon native and foreign shores, others have found their way into the great Sargasso Sea. From the courses taken by these different bottles it has been found that the ocean currents move around in a vast circle. Those which were dropped overboard on the American coast took a northerly course, while those on the European side floated toward the south. Bottles dropped overboard in the North Atlantic started toward the northeast, and those from the African and Spanish coast floated almost directly west until they reached the West India Islands.

The general directions of the currents were thus ascertained, showing that the waters acted upon by winds and currents circulated round and round like a pool.

In all pools floating objects are quickly cast outside of the revolving currents, or they are carried with them in their circular route for some time, until they are washed nearer the centre or side of the pool. The bottles that were forced outside of the currents of the ocean were cast upon the shores of some country, but those which were worked toward the centre eventually found their way in the calm waters of the Sargasso Sea. Here they remain peacefully until picked up by some vessel, or until some storm casts them back into the great pool.

Vessels very rarely visit the great sea in the middle of the ocean, but occasionally they are driven there by storms or adverse winds. Strange sights meet the gaze of the sailors at such times. Wonderful stories—partly true and partly false—have been told by sailors returning from a forced trip to the vast Sargasso Sea. Here they remain peacefully until picked up by some vessel, or until some storm casts them back into the great pool.

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It is proposed to erect an electric overhead road from the Chicago Postoffice to the Exposition grounds, to transmit the mail at a high rate of speed. The road will be built over the tops of the houses.

The facility and speed with which temporary field telegraph lines may be constructed and operated is shown by General Greeley, who tells of a corps working for the International Boundary Commission, which set up and took down a telegraph line thirty-five miles long in three days.

An English firm is introducing an ingenious safety device for use in electric generating plants. When the current in any circuit is too great, a compound metal strip bends till it breaks a mercury contact. There is also a small wire fuse so that no sparking takes place. The mercury contact is under oil.

Discovered the Art of Canning. A paper in Philadelphia lately printed a tale about a party of American travelers digging in the ruins of Pompeii and finding jars of figs which had been sealed up during the first century of the Christian era; and the figs were just as fresh as when canned 1800 years ago. Probably the figs were placed by some Frenchman or Yankee who saw a chance to make a few dollars or francs out of the gullible sightseers. Canning fruits in hermetically sealed jars is quite a modern discovery, made by one M. Appert, of France. In 1806 he persuaded the French Government to test his preserved soups, meats and fruits in the navy, and all were such a success in long voyages that in 1809 he received a handsome bounty or prize for his discovery, which was soon given out free to all who might wish to try preserving fruits and vegetables in jars or cans. M. Appert's pamphlet was also translated into English and published in this country by a bookseller in Wall street, New York, in 1812; and this little work became the guide as well as foundation of an industry which has become of late years of immense importance and value to the people of all civilized countries.—New York Tribune.

The Sense of Touch. A curious scientist, who has been giving careful attention to the matter, says that man's sense of touch, or feeling, resides almost wholly in the skin and in those parts of the body, as the lips and the tongue, that are most exposed, while some of our most important organs, the heart, for instance, and the brain, are quite insensible to touch, thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end organs. The curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing. This so interested Harvey that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bedside that "he might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing." In certain operations a piece of skin is removed from the forehead to the nose, and it is stated that the patient, oddly enough, feels as if the nose panel were still in his forehead and may have a headache in his nose.—New Orleans Picayune.

REMEMBER.

Remember, when the timid dawn unclothes Her magic palace to the sun's bright beams; Remember when the pensive night reposes Beneath her silvery veil in tender dreams, When pleasure calls thee, when the heart is light, When to sweet fancies shade invites at night, Lie, through the deep wood ring Sweet voices murmuring— Remember!

Remember, when Fate's cold hand has broken For aye the tie that bound my life with thine; When, with long years and exile, grief unspoken, Despairing heart and blasted hopes are mine, Think of my sad love, think of my last adieu; Absence and time are naught when love is true, Ever as my heart shall beat Long it shall repeat— Remember!

Remember, when beneath the cold ground lying, My broken heart forever is at rest, Remember, when some lonely flower is trying Its petals soft to open on my breast, Thou wilt not see me, but my soul, set free, Faithful in death, shall return to thee, Then hark to the sad moans If a deep voice groans— Remember! —Alfred De Musset.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In the soup—Meat. Pretty well off—The leaves. A blind man—The shutter manufacturer. A man of might is too often a man of wont.—Puck. Horse sense seems to consist in the ability to say "Nay."

All work and no play makes Jack a dull old millionaire.—Puck. The spur of the moment is about as dangerous as the pistol that isn't loaded.—Truth. "What makes Rustler so round-shouldered?" "Oh, he's trying to make both ends meet."

"Eyes operated on at two dollars a week," as the cook said when she was paring potatoes.—Danville Breeze. If strict ideas ever come, That Boston lady had 'em. She never said "chrysanthemum," She said "chrysanthe-madam."

"Life. "She is very distant in her manner." "Distant! Why, her disposition is so freeing that she is constantly taking cold from it." Old Lady—"If I had your face do you know what I would do?" Beggar—"No'm." Old Lady—"I'd wash it."—New York Herald.

"It is dreadful, Maria, that you always will have the last word." "Please, ma'am, how am I to know that you have nothing more to say?" By the way, isn't it a little late for Lieutenant Peary to start for the North Pole? It is generally understood that the poles are closed.—Boston Herald.

Is he a business man? Of course; And constant are his labors; He in a village lives, and tends The business of his neighbors. —Xanthus stada.

He—"Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last!"—Tit-Bits. Barbers, it cannot be denied, Are honest fellows—sir! Whene'er they chance to cut your hair, They try to hide your out.—Puck.

"There, mamma," said the small boy as he gazed at the dromedary, "that must be the camel that had the last straw put on its back."—Washington Star. Know-it—"Animals are naturally of a quarrelsome disposition. As the poet says, dogs delight to bark and bite." Howitt—"Yes, and even the oyster often gets into a broil."

"I've been working hard all day," said the music-teacher, as he entered the parlor of his boarding house. "Well, now you can play a while," replied Cubson as he vacated the piano-stool.—Judge.

The Husband—"You're not economical." The Wife—"Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is."—Mercury.

He wrote a story, very short, "Accepted. Quite a hit." But it was very, very long. Before they parted.—Detroit Free Press.

Suitor—"Madam, I love you!" Widow—"That's an old story." Suitor—"I adore you!" Widow—"A hackneyed phrase." Suitor—"I cannot live without you and wish to marry you." Widow—"An original idea at last; yes, I like that."—Mercury.

Mr. Wade, a husband who deserves ennoblement, once mentioned to his wife a tragic circumstance that he had read that day in the newspaper. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked Mrs. Wade. "Oh, no; of course not," said Mr. Wade; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Argonaut.

Five Billion Deaths in a Century. A French paper amuses its readers by employing the services of a distinguished arithmetician, in order to discover the number of persons who die in a century; his calculation embraces the whole world. He has taken as a basis the number now living, and thus arrives at the conclusion that the number of deaths in the whole world during a century amounts to 4,847,500,000. Pretty figures these, but only within the means of Rothschilds to take into exact consideration as to their meaning.

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